

**GUY, Earl of Warwick.** [A fragment, consisting of  
sig. f. 1 and two preceding leaves, of the Romance of  
Guy of Warwick.] **B. 1.** [~~Wynkynde Worde?~~  
London, 1500?] 4<sup>o</sup>. C. 18. e. 1. (49.)

30 lines to a full page. ~~Another leaf, apparently of this  
edition, is preserved in the Douce Collection at the Bodleian  
Library.~~

R P. 13 v. 2

LA 55533

760  
The erle toke his leue home agayne  
And duke loper into loreyne.  
There went in his company so gryn  
Guy and heraude and terry wth hym  
heraude ledde that mayden ynge  
That was full gladd of that tydyng  
The way they toke to loreyne  
Guy and terry made ioy certayne.  
They rode syngynge from towne to towne  
And supposed of no tresoun  
But longe or that the day was gone  
Wth sorowe departed they echone.  
Whan they were passed a great iourne  
From gurnoyse that ryche cite  
They cam vpon a grete playne  
The dukes lighted theyn downe certayne  
And so dyd their folke hastily  
For they sayde they were Werp.  
And whan they were downe on grounde  
An erthequake there fell that stonde  
Than sayde duke otton of party  
Lysten to me this company  
Both lumbardis and loreyne  
That ben here on these pleyne  
On duke loperis halue nowe  
Wthoute lettynge I comaunde you.  
That ye take these traytours echone  
And bynde their handes fast and one  
And hast you wth theyn to loreyne  
There shall they dye to morowe wth peyne

6.18.2.11.11

1A.55533

Grey, Earl of Warwick



All the lombardis and all the lozayns.  
They stert atonys upon the playns  
To syr terry and syr heraude  
And toke theyn both at a saute  
Defence myght they make none there.  
for of that treason they were nat ware:  
The lozayns were wo for their sake  
But guy hym selfe was nat take  
Syr duke lopyre than sayde guye  
why hast thou betrayed thus falslye  
for a true knyght euer I held the  
why hast thou thus me betrayed me  
why dyd we kysse or made at one:  
Before thy owne barons rebone  
And when that duke lopyre  
herde guy call hym traitoure there  
for shame he thought his herte wolde breke  
And for wo he myght nat speke  
On the other syde away drowe he:  
he had of theyn full greate pyte.  
At that tyme cam oute a knyght  
Of lombardy wpyth all his myght  
By the mantell he toke guye.  
wpyth greate hate and great enuye  
That the laces all to flawen:  
knyghtis Inowe behelde and sawen  
As sone as guye hym there wpyt  
He layde hym on wpyth his syt:  
That he fell downe dede right thore  
knyght he shulde nat sefe nomore

Than ran lumbardis on ease spde  
 And hent guy by the mantell that cde  
 And his mantell they drew so  
 That ease of theym had a pece tho  
 Guy lept from theym with hert trist  
 And many a stroke gaue Wyth his spst  
 Guy sawe there stande his fiede  
 He lept on hym in that nede  
 And toke hym wyth the spores gres  
 And rapit hym fast oute of that pres  
 When that same dake otton  
 That guy rode such a randon  
 To his knyghtis he cryed on hys  
 Lepe to your house hastily  
 Tyll guy be caught turne nat pe  
 If ye woll haue the loue of me  
 If he escape and be nat hent  
 Letys I am betrayed and hent  
 Wolde nat god that it were so  
 That he shall thus from vs go  
 Jesu gyue you wo and care  
 If ye ageyne so late hym fare  
 And he that byngeth hym quicke or dede  
 A thousande besawtis of golde so redde  
 He shall haue to his mede  
 Than hent every man a fiede  
 By hundreddis and by thousandis  
 They chased guye wyth spere in handis  
 Spt guy was but hymselfe alone  
 And armure on hym had he none

In this place  
 I have put  
 a little  
 of the  
 original  
 text  
 in  
 the  
 margin  
 for  
 the  
 reader  
 to  
 see  
 the  
 difference  
 between  
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 and  
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 text



By that one cost he rode slepyng  
Had nat god ben hym helppynge  
He had ben slayne in that route  
For they besette hym all aboute.  
The lumbardis and the loxyns.  
All at onys faught hym ageyns.  
A knyght to guy there cam prestande  
Wyth a goode swerde in his hande.  
And wolde haue borne guy thorough tho  
But god wolde nat that it were so  
That stroke fell downe on guy that tpe.  
Betwene his arme and his syde  
Therowoute his clothes it share  
And whan that guy of hym was ware.  
Guy smote hym wyth his fyrst ageyne  
And felled hym of his horse certeyne  
Guy passed forth and wolde nat lette  
But yet another wyth syr guy mette  
That in his hande a sharpe swerde bare.  
He smote a stroke to gupes hede thare.  
That fell on gupes horse troupe sore  
Halfe a fote depe and more  
Guy passed forth and nought delayed.  
No wonder though he were affrayed  
Than of a knaue gype was ware  
That in his hande a staffe bare  
And vnto hym rode syr guy  
And sayde my frende full curtesly  
Gyue me thy staffe for I haue nede  
And if I lyue thou getest thy mede.

that the lombardis fledde away  
Guy and heralde and temp of  
Chased after theyn gode wote  
They slowe and toke many dre  
The lombardis made for aye.  
for they were on the worse partye  
Of this toke duke otton gode hede  
And fledde to an hylle gode spede;  
That none sued of theyn cason  
But syr heralde of ardenne alone  
Heraude hym sued as an egre lyon  
And euer he cryed on duke otton  
Heraude had of hym no doute  
Nor he sawe no man fere aboute  
But only theyn selfe two  
Turne thou duke quod heralde tho.  
And dysfende the of thy felonye  
That thou dydest me in lombardy  
The duke turned agayne than  
Wythasty mode as an hardy man  
They smyten togeder as they were wode.  
And thyrded thowwe their handerkes gode  
Bothe tyll they bledde fast  
But heralde smote the duke at the last  
That a quarted of his shelde  
It fley away into the felde  
And in the shulder he smote hym sore:  
An hole fote depe and more  
That he lest his gode fiede  
And heralde shulde haue had his hede



But thretty of his knyghtis anone  
Cam reynunge heraude to slone  
And yet for all the woundes he hadde.  
Of theym all he was nat adradde  
Neuertheles he was in greate doute  
For they besette hym all aboute.  
They gaue heraude many a knocke.  
But heraude stode so his flokke.  
If they had hym there wyth  
They wolde haue mette hym wyth the syst.  
There was a lumbarde cam full nere  
Heraude smote hym wyth hardy chere.  
That his hede flaye of full right.  
Heraude faught fast a plight  
That his swerde brake in his shelde  
But to no man he wolde hym yelde.  
Lorde quod heraude what shalt I do now  
He to defende I wote nat howe  
A lumbarde toke hym by the best  
Yelde the he sayde thou seest thy prest.  
Herade smote hym wyth his honde.  
That he fell dede downe on the stronde  
Lye there he sayde euyl mote thou the  
For my prest shalt thou neuer be  
A knyght cam forth wyth hardy chere  
That was of fraunce of montedere.  
Wyth duke otton he was lese  
And of his counseyle the cheef  
Herade he sayde yelde the to me.  
No skath thou shalt I do the.



